

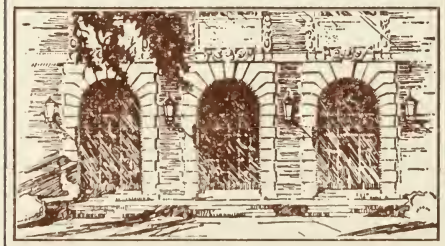



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Theresa.

From

Henry.

June 24th 1871.



"And very often she sent for me
To be her guest in that quiet place."

COUSIN LUCY.

Idyllic Pictures

DRAWN BY

BARNES, MISS ELLEN EDWARDS,
PAUL GRAY, HOUGHTON, R. P. LEITCH. PINWELL,
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ETC. ETC.



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*[The Illustrations in this Volume have already appeared in the pages of
"THE QUIVER," and are now printed from the original Wood Blocks;
but many of the Poems are here published for the first time.]*

COUSIN LUCY.



Cousin Lucy had dark brown eyes,
Such as we only expect to see,
Where they are raised to cloudless skies,
On the sunny shores of the southern sea.
Cousin Lucy had nut-brown hair,
With a little waving that would not go,
But lingered on, like a rumour there,
Of days when locks were allowed to flow.
Cousin Lucy had pale, thin face,
Where the rose tint seemed afraid to stay,
But only lent it a passing grace
To rob it more when it fled away.
Cousin Lucy—she lived alone,
In a little house by the river-side :
Nothing of all her past was known,
In a far-off land had her father died.
Then Cousin Lucy came over the sea,
And greeted us all with her silent face,
And very often she sent for me
To be her guest in that quiet place.
And Cousin Lucy—I loved her well,
For she let me see that her heart was great ;
But she never broke away the spell
Which guarded her past and future fate.
Cousin Lucy would smoothe my hair,
And check herself in a shivering sigh ;
But for all her kindness I did not dare
To look in her face, and ask her—why ?
So Cousin Lucy, one summer morn,
Lay in her bed with a sweeter smile
Than her pale, thin face had ever worn
Since she had dwelt in her native isle.
And Cousin Lucy came forth no more,
To meet our love with her silent face ;
The history no one had read was o'er,
And she was safe in a better place.

I. F.



"The children welcome father home,
With shouts of merriment and laughter."

NIGHT AND MORNING.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

THE happiness which Fate must bring
Is dimm'd by Time's "effacing finger;"
But there are hours to which we cling,
And scenes on which we love to linger.
No day is destitute of grief,
No evening unbaptised with sorrow,
No dawn which has not brought relief
To hearts forgetful of a morrow.

At morn the ship sails out to sea,
And tosses proudly on the billow;
The night is steep'd in misery,
For tears will trickle to the pillow.
The sailor at the close of day
Sees storm-clouds in his course appearing;
But hope revives when morning's ray
Lights up the haven he is nearing.

The cottage-home at morn is still,
For when the day is faintly breaking
The father trudges down the hill,
His wife and little ones forsaking.
But when grey mists and twilight come,
Shrill voices echo thro' the rafter;
The children welcome father home,
With shouts of merriment and laughter.

Deep in the middle of the night,
When all the earth is calmly sleeping,
The souls of mortals wing their flight,
And Death with stealthy step is creeping.
But when the kisses of the morn
Around the world are sweetly blowing,
We know that infant souls are born,
And life in baby veins is flowing.

C. W. S.



"I turned them o'er in heedless haste—I'd seen them all before—
Till something seared and rustling fell upon the chamber floor."

ECHOINGS FROM FADED FLOWERS.

ECHOINGS FROM FADED FLOWERS.



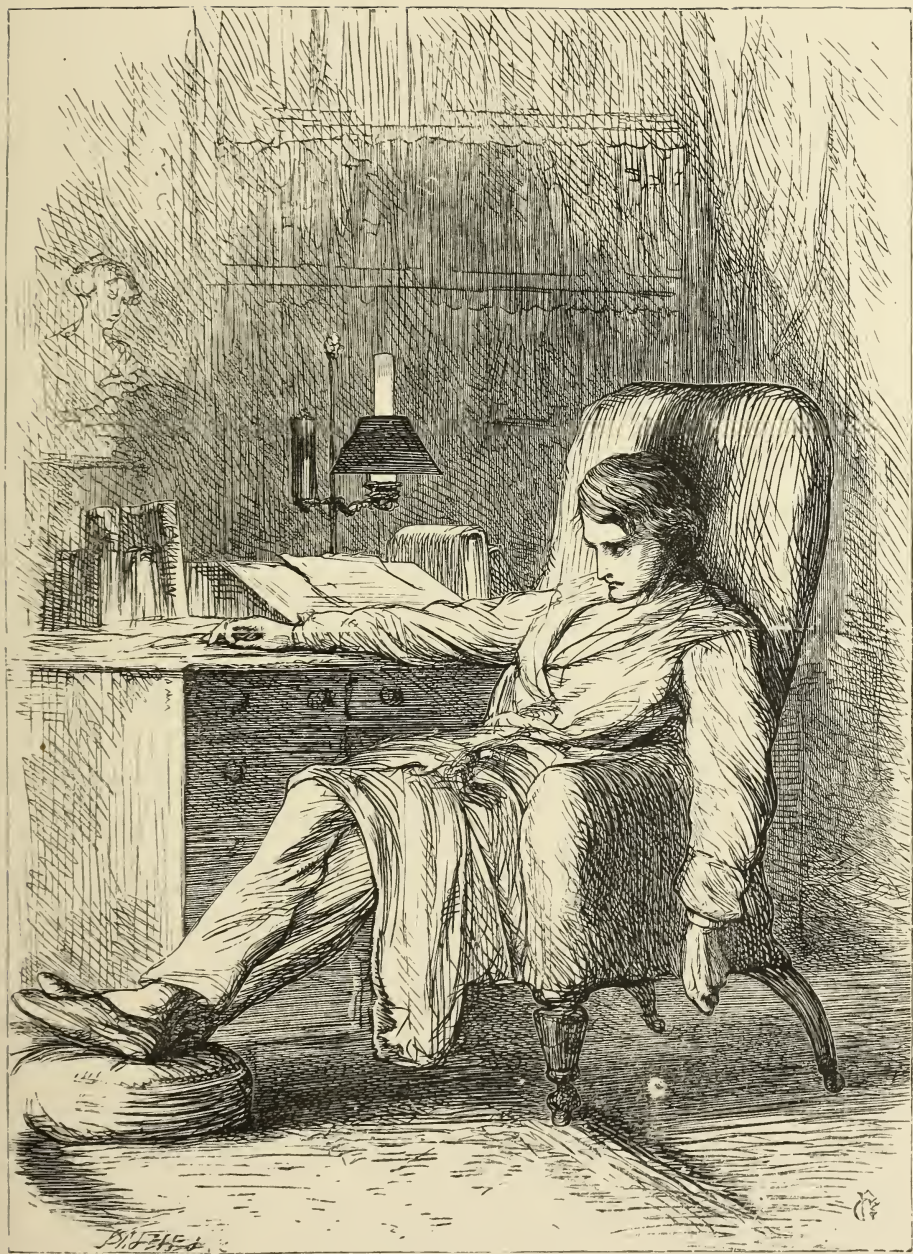
I SEARCHED within a cabinet, where the spider's drapery hung :
Where relics quaint of other days with careless hand were flung.
It seemed to me a medley strange that had been gathered there—
A childish toy, a broken ring, a tress of sunny hair.

Forgotten keepsakes, curious shells, shreds of a bridal veil,
And letters, old, and torn, and dim, told their own silent tale.
I turned them o'er in heedless haste—I'd seen them all before—
Till something seared and rustling fell upon the chamber floor.

I snatched it up : it was a wreath of faded summer flowers,
Culled for me long, long years before, from out our old home bowers,
By hands whose dear, caressing touch no more on earth may come
To bind me flowers from summer bowers, or cheer my winter's gloom.

I looked upon those withered buds, once bright in beauty's blaze,
And I thought how like our earthly hopes in young life's joyous days.
They led me gently far, far back, 'mid memory's mouldering halls—
How sweetly sad the echoing our footstep there recalls !

And thus, as we look backward on our lifetime's chequered maze,
May we prize the blessings pour'd upon our riper days ;
Try to bear on the Saviour's cross, then wear the crown He won,
Through countless ages, near His throne, when this vain life is done.



"Fancied faces of happier times
Smiled on me out of the firelight's ray."

A REVERIE.

A REVERIE; OR, "ALONE."



SILENTLY sitting alone one night,
Mournfully echoed the darkened street,
Fitfully flickered the candle's light,
Wearily tramped the passing feet.
Work and toil were over at last,
Finished the day; still into the past
One long, lingering look I cast,
Silently sitting alone!

Thinking alone, as the midnight chimes
Rang out the birth of another day,
Fancied faces of happier times
Smiled to me out of the firelight's ray.
Changing pictures, but, ah! so sweet,
That soon I listened for welcome feet
Above the clock's monotonous beat,
Wearily thinking alone!

Dreaming alone of hands I'd pressed,
And glistening eyes which dreams restore,
Hearing sweet sounds of a voice which bless'd
And whisper'd love from a golden shore.
Hopes long past as of old exist
At the sound of lips so often kiss'd,
In the light of loving eyes long miss'd,
Drearily dreaming alone!

Sitting so sad and alone, alone,
Torturing thoughts of the future's strife
Bid me awaken and cease to moan
The dream of a lost and broken life.
No more sorrow and no more pain;
Prayer and life's grand toil remain,
If I would live in the past again,
Though ever, for ever alone!

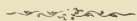
C. W. S.



"Oh! hard to break the spell of tears,
And turn from that dead earth away."

BY THE DEAD.

BY THE DEAD.



IN silence, by the silent dead
She broods, whose thoughts are elsewhere ;
By that dark vision backward led
Through time to scenes more fair.

Her broken love can hardly find
Its smile with theirs to sympathise,
Who calm their joy and wait behind,
With kindly saddened eyes.

Oh ! hard to break the spell of tears,
And turn from that dead earth away ;
And sunless through the dusk of years
Look on their sunny day.

Oh ! hard the quickening sense to kill
Of that which might have been, and down
Press that dear image rising still,
Which Lethe will not drown.

J. S. W.



"But who is the maid with the careworn face?"

OUT OF THE DEEP.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

THEY gave three cheers when the ship came home,
And sailed in safe to the silent bay ;
And the sailors shook off the dank sea foam,
And the village with merriment rang that day.

For many a year had come and gone
Since the ship was loos'd from the painted buoy ;
And many a wife who had wept alone
Was weeping again bright tears of joy.

But who is the maid with the careworn face ?
And why has the light from her eyes gone out ?
She turns from the shore where the children race,
And her ears seem deaf to the sailors' shout.

When news first came from the unknown sea,
"Come, tell me the truth, or I faint," she said ;
Then she moan'd, "Well, the world is dead to me,
For my sailor-love in the deep lies dead."

And who is the man with the sun-burnt face ?
There's a gleam in his eyes as the maidens know ;
And why does he sit in the well-known place
Where the lovers were parted years ago ?

A shriek comes echoing down the shore ;
The villagers gather around and weep ;
The world is alive to the maid once more,
For her love has come from the unknown deep !

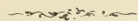
C. W. S.



"Dead and alone,
By the trysting-stone."

BETWEEN THE CLIFFS.

BETWEEN THE CLIFFS.



I.

BETWEEN the cliffs—the cold, grey cliffs—

The sunlight streams,

In golden gleams.

Up on the heights the trees are waving,

Down in the brook the flowers are laving ;

And a maiden fair,

With fern-wreath'd hair,

Is singing on a boulder there.

II.

Dead and alone,

By the trysting-stone :

Cold and dead, as the dastard heart

Of him who left her alone with the smart

Of a mocking world ; cold and dead,

As the withered wreath around her head !

And the river fleet,

Bathes her weary feet ;

And the lightning's flash is her winding sheet.



"Those constant stars, that tremble in the light
Of their own splendour, do for ever stay."

TRUER LIGHTS.

TRUER LIGHTS.



○ BEAUTY ! who hast heard the livelong day
Thy praises whispered and each feature sung—
On whom imperilled the false light has flung
A flattering spell, that maketh all things gay—
Turn thee a little from the glare away,
And fix thy contemplation on the night.
Those constant stars, that tremble in the light
Of their own splendour, do for ever stay ;
But those dim lamps that shone upon thy pride—
Thy pride itself, and the persuasive speech
Which makes it more—cannot a moment bide,
Or through the clouds upon earth's bosom reach
To that high truth which misty shadows hide,
But in their peace those stars eternal teach.

J. S. W.



"But, oh! give to me
Only one loving glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e."

JEANNIE'S BLUE E'E.

JEANNIE'S BLUE E'E.

Oh, bright are the gems on a queen's snowy brow,
And sweet are the flow'rs that on mossy banks grow;
But brighter by far, and sweeter to me,
Is the kind couthie glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

As some beaming star in heaven's blue dome
Kindly lights up the pilgrim's way home,
So my heart's lighted up, and my steps bound with glee,
When I feel the kind glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

When I'm weary and worn, despairing and sad,
What brightens mine eye? makes my brow clear and glad?
Makes my heart bound with joy, gay, gladsome, and free?
'Tis the sweet winning glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

She's fairer to me than the sweetest wee flow'r
That e'er bloom'd in beauty, on bank, or in bow'r;
Oh, to gain but her love, I could lay down and dee,
And for one tender glance o' her bonny blue e'e.

Give the miser his gold, and the warrior fame,
The friendless a friend, and the nameless a name,
The mean raise to greatness; but, oh! give to me
Only one loving glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

May her brow aye be clear, and her glance ever bright,
Her bosom aye happy, her heart ever light;
May sorrow and care far, far from her flee;
May a tear never dim her bonnie blue e'e.

And when her sun sets on that glorious shore,
Where parting, and sorrow, and sin are no more—
With my whole soul I pray that the last glance may be
A glance full of peace in my Jeannie's blue e'e.



"Know that the body is only the chrysalis,
Know that the spirit is freer than air."

MY ARIEL.

MY ARIEL.

I.

WOULD you peep at my delicate Ariel ;
Ariel, light as the down of the feather ;
Ariel, bolder and fleetier than Mercury ;
Linking our earth and his heaven together ?
There is the form of my beautiful Ariel
Resting alone in the summer-house yonder :—
Mark not the crutches to point at them scornfully,
Asking how far such a cripple can wander :
Know that the body is only the chrysalis,
Know that the spirit is freer than air :
Ariel, fleet, sweet ethereal Ariel,
Fanciful Ariel stayeth not there.

II.

Haply he, seizing the horns of the butterfly,
Shareth from Flow'r-bell her perfume and honey ;
Or, with the loud-singing lark flying heavenward,
Landeth at Cloudland so fleecewhite and sunny :
Idly he rideth that vessel ephemeral,
Glibly it glideth where zephyr shall fan it ;
Then, all impatient, he springeth increasingly,
Shooting and mounting from planet to planet ;
Far above time and the spell of mortality,
Thron'd like a pow'r in wide empire above :—
Ariel, grand and imperial Ariel,
Ariel MINE, to own and to love.

BONAVIA.



"We would smile at all our early fears,
As we blessed each other through our tears,
My Valentine and me."

THE SAILOR'S VALENTINE.

THE SAILOR'S VALENTINE.

I.

THROUGH February's misty shrouds
I watched the sun's first ray ;
I saw it kiss the blushing clouds,
And speed on its earthward way ;
Till, wearying of its glorious race,
On a snowdrop's brow it fell,
Bright as a penitent's tear of grace,
Or the light of prayer on a saintly face,
At the sound of the Sabbath bell.

Then sprang the lark, like a shaft of song,
Up to the far blue sky ;
And the earth trembled to prolong
The echoing melody :
Till the daisy buds on the tall hill crests
Peeped through their silver bars,
And from beneath their silky vests
There glanced a thousand golden breasts,
That twinkled like the stars.

And, oh ! I deemed that life was sweet,
And took my hasty way,
Brushing, with love's impatient feet,
The hoary rime away :
For I thought of another—you understand—
Of one I had asked to be mine ;
Of a sweet white brow, and a small white hand,
That had brought me back to my native land
To claim a Valentine.

I pictured how those soft, large eyes
Would fill with tears of joy,
And how the rich, deep blush would rise
As she kissed her sailor boy.
What mattered now the three long years,
And the dangers of the sea ?
We would smile at all our early fears,
As we blessed each other through our tears,
My Valentine and me.

II.

In yonder hedge, where the wild rose grew,
There is nought but a leafless thorn ;
And the sweetbriar, too, that ravish'd the dew,
Hangs scentless and forlorn ;
And the vanishing breath of the violet flowers,
And the kiss of the woodbine spray,
That spread a spell o'er the twilight hours,
And charmed our feet to their fragrant bowers,
Can you tell me where are they ?

The finch that would so sweetly rail
At its mate in the greenwood tree,
And the nightingale that warbled a tale
Of sorrow and love to me ;
And the turtledove, with its tender knock
Of cooing life away, [back
And the swallow that flew with blue-bright
Close on the river's winding track,
Can you tell me where are they ?

Ah, these may yet return again
In the budding days of spring ;
The soft refrain of the night-bird's strain,
And the spices the woodbines fling.
It was not them I meant, you know ;
I spoke beneath a veil :
For a gentler song is hush'd below,
And a sweeter flower is gone, I trow,
Than ever blessed the gale.

My bird has flown its nest for aye—
My flower has bloomed its last ;
It faded away like a rose on a spray,
When the withered leaves were cast.
The snow that lies on that narrow bed
Shall pass ere the summer hours ;
But the snow that gathers upon my head
Shall remain till they lay me with my dead,
Beneath the churchyard flowers.

A. W. HUME-BUTLER.



"Smile, my little one, smile, my pretty one,
Happy in dreamland, rest in peace."

A LULLABY.

A LULLABY.

SLEEP, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
Slumber-music about thee rings ;
Guardian angels round thee hovering,
Tenderly fold their silver wings.
When the shadows of evening creep,
God to his little ones sendeth sleep.

Smile, my little one, smile, my pretty one,
Happy in dreamland, rest in peace ;
Visions of joy belong to the innocent,
There is an hour when miseries cease.
Sorrow will come, and eyes must weep ;
God is the giver of soothing sleep.

Dream, my little one, dream, my pretty one,
Grief is forgotten, and care lies dead ;
Early sorrow is drown'd in oblivion,
Golden glory is round thy head.
Trouble is sown, and joy we reap ;
God in his mercy gives us sleep.

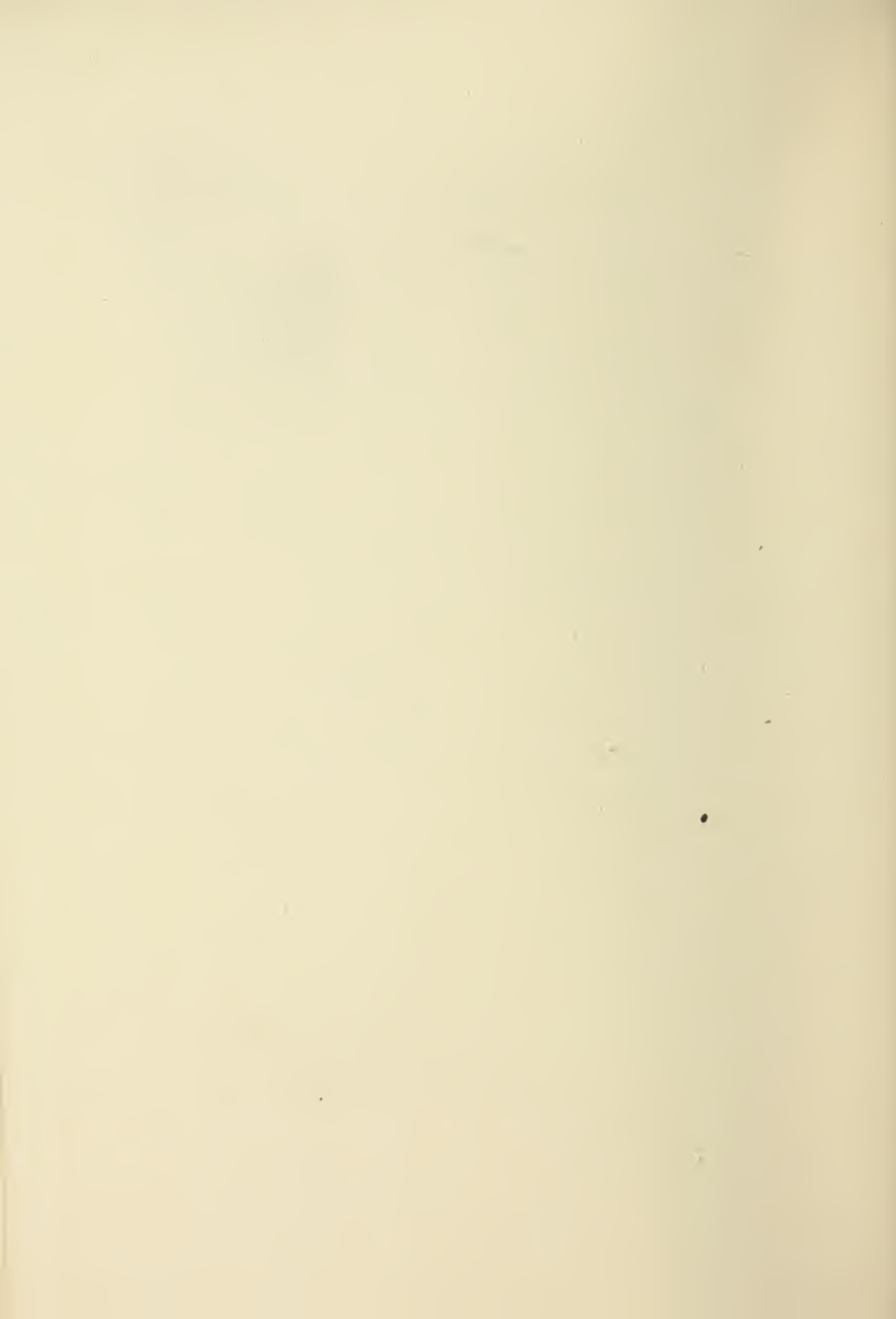
Hush, my little one, hush, my pretty one,
Sunk is the sun in the golden west ;
Closing blooms of blue convolvulus
Whisper Nature has gone to rest.
Dark'ning shadows around us creep ;
Sleep, my darling—my pet one, sleep !

C. W. S.



"The flowers shake off their dewy sleep."

MORNING.



M O R N I N G .



FROM rounded hills and dimpling vales
Night's shadowy shrouds unfold,
And the lonely star of morning pales,
And the mists are bathed in gold.

Soft zephyrs are breathing from the west
Over the rippling corn,
And the ruby kiss of the sun is prest
On the white brow of the morn.

The flowers shake off their dewy sleep,
And their petalled eyes unclose,
With innocent looks, on the calm blue deep
That curtains their repose.

From nestling homes, all leaf-embowered,
The birds pour matin songs ;
And fields and river-banks are showered
With new-born insect throngs.

All things are glad at the wakening breath
That heraldeth the day,
When sleep, so nearly akin to death,
Passeth upon its way :

The sweet foreshadowing of that waking
When, under heavenly skies—
While the morn of another life is breaking—
We shall open these darkened eyes.

A. W. B.



"I met a swarthy, large-limbed maiden fair,
Amid the whisper of down-falling leaves."

OCTOBER.

O C T O B E R .



I MET a swarthy, large-limbed maiden fair,
Amid the whisper of down-falling leaves,
With glistening trails of ivy in her hair,
And o'er-blown poppies from the harvest-sheaves.
'Twixt her full bosom and round arms a store
Of apples, ruddy-streaked, and rough with gold, she bore.

"Sweet maid," I said, "if thou *be* mortal maid,
With that grand face, and full of lofty thought ;
If thou dost love soft music, sadly played,
Come, sit and hearken what my muse has taught.
Or coronals of late-born blooms we'll twine,
Under the waving shade of trellises of vine."

She turned her lustrous eyes upon my face,
Where I stood back to let such beauty pass ;
Then wrung her hands with wild and speechless grace,
Showering her fruits, unheeded, on the grass ;
And ending with a sudden burst of tears,
Like passionate-sobbing rains, that mark the closing years.

Yet she was all so queenly in her woe,
Mere words of comfort I forbore to press,
But kissed her garment's border, kneeling low,
Denoting humble grief at her distress.
Whereat she spoke : " Soon comes the winter's gloom ;
And these are offerings for Adonis' tomb."

And as she vanished, a great wind arose,
And shook the forests, till the huge trees groaned,
Flinging their arms abroad, in mortal throes.
And, while afar the gathering thunders moaned,
Curtains of rain shut out the lingering light,
And all the landscape darkened into night.

TOM HOOD.



"Daisies simple, fair, and sweet!
Are they not "des Marguerites?"

MARGARET'S BIRTHDAY.

MARGARET'S BIRTHDAY.



LITTLE maiden, with a name
Not unknown in song and fame,
Name, which noble ladies bore
In romantic days of yore ;
Name of grace and beauty yet—
Stately-sounding Margaret.

Yet not therefore do I love
Thy sweet name all names above,
But that I have heard them say
Of a land not far away—
Thus they name a simple flower,
Pride of many a wilding bower ;
Daisies simple, fair, and sweet !
Are they not “ des Marguerites ? ”

Child, that camest in the spring,
With the earth's new blossoming,
Ever wear upon thy brow
All the grace that decks it now—
All the innocence and truth
Which have marked thine early youth ;
Ever, like the daisy, be
Marked by true simplicity ;
So thou ne'er shalt know regret,
Little, gentle Margaret !

Child of love, and child of prayer,
May thy life be pure as fair !
May thine early loves be true !—
Ties the world can ne'er undo.
One there is above them all,
For thy heart makes gentlest call ;
Let thy love on Him be set,
Little, loving Margaret !

RUTH WILLS,
A Factory Girl.

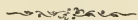


"Calm and content, I see thee, Walton, look
With a wise artfulness."

IZAACK WALTON.

IZAACK WALTON.

A PORTRAIT BY A CONTEMPORARY.



IN shadow of a honeysuckle hedge,
Loitering the day away by Shawford brook,
By the Lea bank, beside a bridge's ledge,
Pondering some pleasant sentence for thy book,
Calm and content I see thee, Walton, look
With a wise artfulness, the while the perch
Unfold their orange fins, and wind and dart
Before the pike that's ever on the search.
I see thee when the red clouds burn apart
Turn thy grave face towards London, homeward now
Wending, with gentle and unruffled brow,
Cheered by the rainbows that above thy head
(Of heaven's gate the shadows) arching spread.—
Yes! though our England's faith be hid in night,
There are still glimpses of a brighter sky—
Of a fresh dawn, beaming with holy light,
And of new blessings granted from on high;
While there are men like thee to guard the right,
Sin's deluge-flood must soon subside again,
And Truth and Righteousness resume their reign.

WALTER THORNBURY.

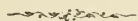


"Thy children look to thee or life."

THE ANGELS' SONG.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

A NEW YEAR'S DREAM.



THE wintry morning dawn'd again,
Dream-whispers lingered on mine ear ;
The light that broke my slumber-chain
Proclaim'd the birthday of the year !
My room seem'd full of golden light,
Sweet sounds were wafted from above ;
And guardian angels wing'd their flight,
To sing me songs of hope and love.

They sang of hope to one who felt
Her sky of life was overcast ;
Till in the distance seem'd to melt
Dark storm-clouds of the weary past ;
Then cheerfully I gazed around,
And dream'd no more of bitter strife ;
A grander precept I had found,
"Thy children look to thee for life."

Of love they sang, though yesterday
My heart was lowered in the earth ;
And as the sun, with one bright ray,
Can gladden all the land with mirth,
The children gently round me crept,
And kissed away my anxious fears ;
'Tis sweet when those for whom we've wept
Can guide us through this vale of tears.

They sang of days of sorrow past,
Of care and anguish cold and dead ;
They sang how joy had come at last,
In waves of music round my head.
How dreamy sweet their songs ! gold rays
Still tremble on me from above.
Will there be any hopeful days,
And any merry hours of love ?

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.



"As o'er the creaking deck the white spray flew."

THE FISHER LADS.

THE FISHER LADS.

THEY sail'd across the harbour's foamy bar—
With wistful eyes we watch'd them from the beach,
And long'd that o'er the syren waves afar,
Our arms of love their forms might fondly reach.

The sun went down—no friendly moon arose
To guide the boat that home retraced its way ;
The storm-winds danced and sang athwart its bows,
And snapped its bending masts in giant-play.

Yet never once their sailor hearts did quail,
As o'er the creaking deck the white spray flew ;
But aye, as faster, fiercer rose the gale,
Their sturdy souls more proud and fearless grew.

With stream'ng eyes, through all that fearful night,
We silent crouch'd—our hearts benumb'd with pain,
Till dawn'd the cold but welcome morning light,
And peaceful smiled the lately anger'd main.

Our eyes look'd east, our eyes look'd west—but, no—
The well-known sail we strove in vain to see ;
Down dropp'd our hopes—our hearts grew pale with woe—
Where could our lads—our bonny darlings—be ?

But hark ! that grating noise—that rush of feet—
Their keel is calmly resting on the strand ;
Look !—there they come, with cheery cry, to meet
Our gladden'd smile, and clasp each trembling hand !

JOHN PLUMMER.



"Flitting past in wintry weather,
Lo, a poor Lascar in tears!"

HASSAN.

H A S S A N .

FLITTING past in wintry weather,
Lo, a poor Lascar in tears !
His swart eyebrows pinched together,
Pendants shivering in his ears.

Weeping for his lost equator,
For the sun as there it shone,
That bright eye whence the Creator
Glows upon the torrid zone.

In my fancy I could hear him
'Neath our Arctic skies bewail
Heavens he once believed so near him,
Now so distant and so pale !

Paltry wares oppressed his shoulder,
Flimsy rags about him flew ;
Nothing than his garb looked colder—
Nothing warmer than his hue.

Was it Vishnu thrust thee hither,
For some worship left unpaid,
That thy tawny flesh might wither
'Neath our hyperborean shade ?

Back ! poor pedlar, tramp, or juggler !—
Back to thine own orient sphere ;
God ne'er meant thee for a struggler
With our wretched winters here.

Due art thou unto the Ganges,
To the palms and plains of Ind ;—
To the hills whose sunny ranges
Reach from Arracan to Scinde.

Home ! to dream amidst thy roses—
Home ! to bask beneath thy sky !
Heaven itself the path discloses :
Did not *Eden* eastward lie ?

D. P. STARKEY.



" You'll bless me, ere we part,
Old friend ;
You'll bless me ere we part ? "

A RETROSPECT.

A RETROSPECT.

How long ago? last year, you know,

You fill'd the harvest cart;

Now, overhead, the leaves are dead,

A weight is at my heart.

One smile before we part,

Old friend;

One smile before we part.

Can you recall, in spite of all

That's past since first we met,

That winter's night? the cottage bright

I'm sure I can't forget.

My baby eyes were wet,

Old friend;

My baby eyes were wet.

Your honest face contained no trace

Of sorrow or alarm;

How fond of me you seem'd to be!

Your voice had such a charm!

You shielded me from harm,

Old friend;

You shielded me from harm.

Then by your side I ever tried

Your faithfulness to prove;

When sorrow's frown would crush me down,

Your smile was seen above.

You gave me wealth of love,

Old friend;

You gave me wealth of love.

Now smiles and tears, love, hopes and fears,

Commingle in my heart;

This retrospect of toil, neglect,

Will soothe, you know, and smart.

You'll bless me, ere we part,

Old friend;

You'll bless me ere we part?



"Love of antic—garbs romantic—
Making kitty sportful-frantic."

WEE ROSIE MARY.

WEE ROSIE MARY.



I'VE an airy little fairy,
And her name is Rosie Mary.

All her pleasures, all her treasures,
All her busy little leisures :

All her flurries, and her hurries ;
E'en her tiny griefs and worries :

All her motions and emotions,
All her guileless, childlike notions :

All are teeming in my seeming
With the food of joyful dreaming.

And the rattle of her prattle
More to me is than mere tattle :

'Tis a prelude to the mellowed
Thoughts that are with music fellowed.

Love of antic—garbs romantic—
Making kitty sportful-frantic :

Hours employing in enjoying
Freaks with dolls, and kitten's toying :

Now demurely, quaintly sewing ;
Now joy-glowing to o'erflowing :

Lightly tripping, swiftly skipping,
Urging wooden horse with whipping :

Ringlets dancing, golden-glancing,
Ruddy sun their glow enhancing :

Cheeks the very hue of cherry ;
Eyes of blue with sparkle merry :

Smile of simple-cunning dimple ;
Laughter like the river's whimple :

This my fairest little fairy is,
Thus my sweet wee Rosie Mary is.

Be it ever my endeavour
Joy to help her find for ever.

B.



“Murmur, near Minna mine,
Knee-deep in eglantine.”

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.



SCENT-LADEN summer air,
Will you not wander there,
Down in the heather, where
Voices are blown?
Speed o'er the purple tide,
Whisper to those who hide,
Lingering side by side,
Under the down.

Murmur, near Minna mine,
Knee-deep in eglantine;
Watch her small fingers twine
Wreath after wreath.
Moan, when aside she flings
Gay gifts which Nature brings;
Tell me the songs she sings,
Under her breath.

Creep close to Violet,
See if her eyes are wet;
Women so soon forget
When friends depart.
If she looks out to sea,
Say if she dreams of me;
Breathe low, if misery
Aches in her heart.

Speed then, sweet summer air!
Play with her golden hair;
Tell her on wings you bear
Kisses, fresh blown.
Haste o'er the purple tide,
Rest by my darling's side;
There, where I long to hide
Under the down!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.



“Lying where the waves are beating
On the shore.”

ON THE SHORE.

ON THE SHORE.



LYING where the waves are beating
On the shore ;
Where they kiss the earth in greeting
Evermore ;
When, as on a mother's breast,
The white surf's pale cheek is prest,
Weary of its long unrest,
On the shore.

Lying where the waves are swelling
To the shore ;
Big with secrets they are telling
Evermore ;
Fain eaves-dropper could I play,
Often wond'ring what they say,
Busy whispering for aye,
To the shore.

Lying amid sand and shingle,
On the shore,
Gazing far off, where commingle
Evermore,
In huge embrace, sea and sky,
Circled by infinity,
Filled with awe and love, I lie,
On the shore.



"The women weep as the children play."

OVER THE HILLS.

OVER THE HILLS.

OVER the hills, and far away ;
'Neath the bayonets' gleam and the banners' play,
With prancing steed and lances gay,
Over the hills and far away.
Over the hills the livelong day,
And the mighty host tread down the grass,
And the birds are hushed as the trumpets pass,
And the lovely hills send back again
The clang and the hum of the armed men.

* * * * *

Beyond the hills and far away,
Where no bayonets gleam or trumpets bray,
They silent sleep thro' the livelong day,
Each stilly laid in eternal rest ;
And the grass waves free o'er the steelèd breast,
And the birds sing fearless in their nest,
Beyond the hills and far away.

Far from the hills and far away,
The women weep as the children play ;
They weep as the children kneel to pray,
"That father may come to his own to-day.
And the sun is bright on the smiling green,
But the father's face is still unseen ;
And sings from morn till eve the bird,
But the father's voice is still unheard ;
And at night the children are laid to sleep,
But the women they only can weep and weep ;
And they watch thro' the lonely night, and say,
"Will they never come back, by night or day,
From over the hills and far away ?"

W.



"Leave me one moment with my agony,
Then I'll be brave!"

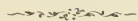
NO HOPE?



"Said I, 'Those shadowy tissues
Fill up the silvery tide.'"

BABBLE.

B A B B L E .



THE apples were well nigh mellow,
And the corn was in the rick ;
But the stubble yet was yellow,
And the woodland yet was thick ;

In the lane that the ash-trees cover—
The lane that leads to the waste—
I happed on a luckless lover
To whom life had lost its taste ;

Who saw but the first leaves falling,
And talked of the dying year,
And heard but the lapwing calling
From the borders of yonder mere.

Then I praised the glorious weather,
And the harvest safely stored,
And the purple blooming heather ;
But he answered never a word.

So our silent steps we quickened,
Till a brook it needed to cross,
Whose shallow stream was thickened
With filmy water-moss.

Said I, "Those shadowy tissues
Fill up the silvery tide,
As well as the weed that issues
In frondage deep and wide.

"Those mosses would almost vanish
If rudely brought to shore ;
So have we need to banish
Sad dreams we ponder o'er ;

"So, their true weight revealing,
To thrust our cares aside,
Till the current of thought and feeling
Flows with a healthier tide."

J. D. G.



“ The waves had left it at her feet,
To bid her hope no more.”

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.



THE stormy afternoon was past,
And in the dim grey sky,
Between great hoary clouds, the sun
Looked out with lurid eye :
And we, two strangers from the town, the sea breeze yearning for,
Walked down between the fishers' cots, and went toward the shore.

The beach was still enough, but yet
The tempest left its track,
And almost fearfully we passed
Torn nets and heaps of wrack :
There is a mystic mockery about the wind and storm,
They make such rude and simple things so like a human form !

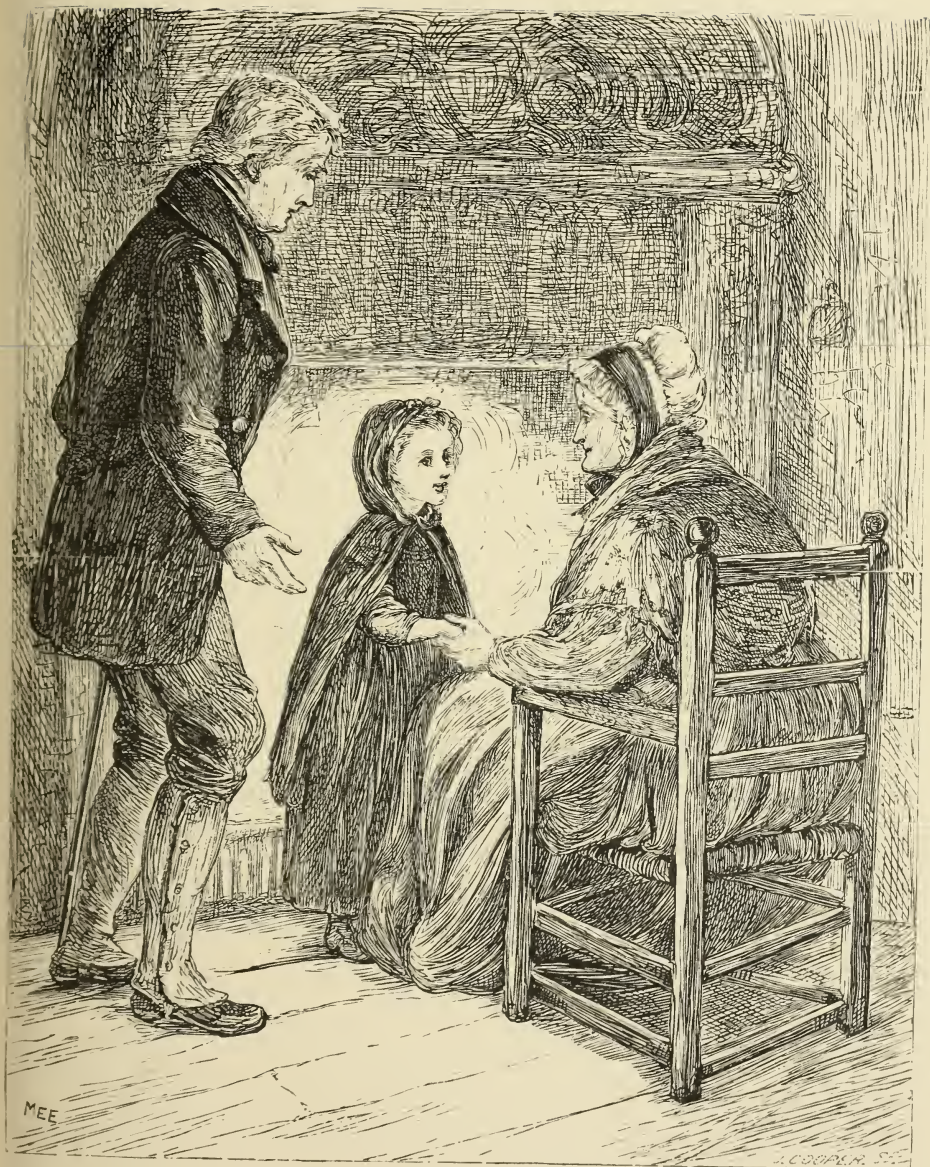
My sister's face was strangely pale,
A thrill was in her tone,
Her brown eyes looked like theirs who watch
To have some mystery shown :
I only thought, " Hope wears the heart,—ay, even more than Fear;
And Bessie waits for one she loves,—I would that he were here !"

The lurid sun sank in the sea,
But left a glare behind ;
And the slow tide those treasures left
Which loiterers love to find :
My sister turned aside to pick what seemed a glittering shell,
And from some church I could not see there tolled a solemn knell.

I turned, and saw that Bessie knelt
Upon the crunching sand ;
" O God, thy help !" she said, and kissed
That something in her hand ;
And then she held it out to me—a grievous sight to bear —
A locket I had seen before, filled with her own bright hair.

The waves had left it at her feet,
To bid her hope no more ;
He whom she waited, watched for her
Upon a calmer shore :
And very soon she went to him : our youngest and our best
Sleeps calmly by the moaning sea, with its message on her breast.

ISABELLA FYVIE.



"Come to her grandman."

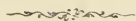
SEEING GRANNY.



"Oh, sir! don't pass like the rest, I pray!"

UNDER THE LAMP.

UNDER THE LAMP.



OH, sir! don't pass like the rest, I pray!
You've a right to distrust my whine and rags;
" 'Tis a borrowed babe at her breast," you'll say,
" And any one's child on the soaking flags."
Come under the lamp! my tears will flow,
Do you see my eyes? are they worn and red?
Do I speak from my heart when I tell you now
We are dying fast for a piece of bread?

There's a man at home—well, I'm his wife;
He's lying there now half dead with drink.
He swore to-day he would have my life;
There's a cut on the little one's face, I think.
" More drink!" that's how my griefs begin;
" Oh, Tom!" they're all the words I said,
Come what come may, he'll have his gin,
And lets us die for a piece of bread!

I'd a bright home once—'twas years ago,
But I remember my mother's kiss;
Well, God be prais'd! they laid her low
Before her daughter sunk to this.
Father and Tom could never agree,
And mighty high I carried my head;
I kept my word with Tom, and he
Can see me die for a piece of bread!

God bless your children! Bless your wife!
Your own warm heart will thank you best,
Just see how my little one starts to life;
My baby leaps at his mother's breast.
We'll care no more for wind or rain,
The pitiless night no more we'll dread;
My broken heart may beat again.
We were starving! Yes! and you gave us bread!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

N O H O P E ?

No hope? There's danger in that vacant stare;
How your lips quiver, and your eyebrows fall!
Why fear? My heart is numb'd with cold despair.
Come, tell me all!

I've watch'd, you know, thro' many a weary night;
I've counted every cough and gasp for breath;
And in that damp chill which precedes the light
I've sat with death.

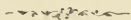
Was that a sound? No! She is sleeping now.
Tell me the truth, that I may fight with fear;
For when the death-sweat starts upon her brow
I must be near.

I must be list'ning for those last deep sighs;
Upon my bosom she shall sink her head;
My hands alone shall close her darling eyes
When she lies dead.

Must there be no more hope? The victory
Seems all but won by the relentless grave;
Leave me one moment with my agony,
Then I'll be brave!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

SEEING GRANNY.



COME to her grandmam, little dear ;
Don't hang so back, there's naught to fear :
I'll give thee just one teeny kiss,
I'm sure thee won't take *that* amiss !

Ah ! that's a dainty, bonny dear ;
Let's see what's in my pocket here.
A new bright penny ! hold thy hand—
Hey ! *that* thou'rt sure to understand.

And what's thee name ? what, Julie Jane ?
Ah ! now-a-days they can't be plain ;
In *my* times Ann, or Sue, or Sall,
Was good enough for any gal !

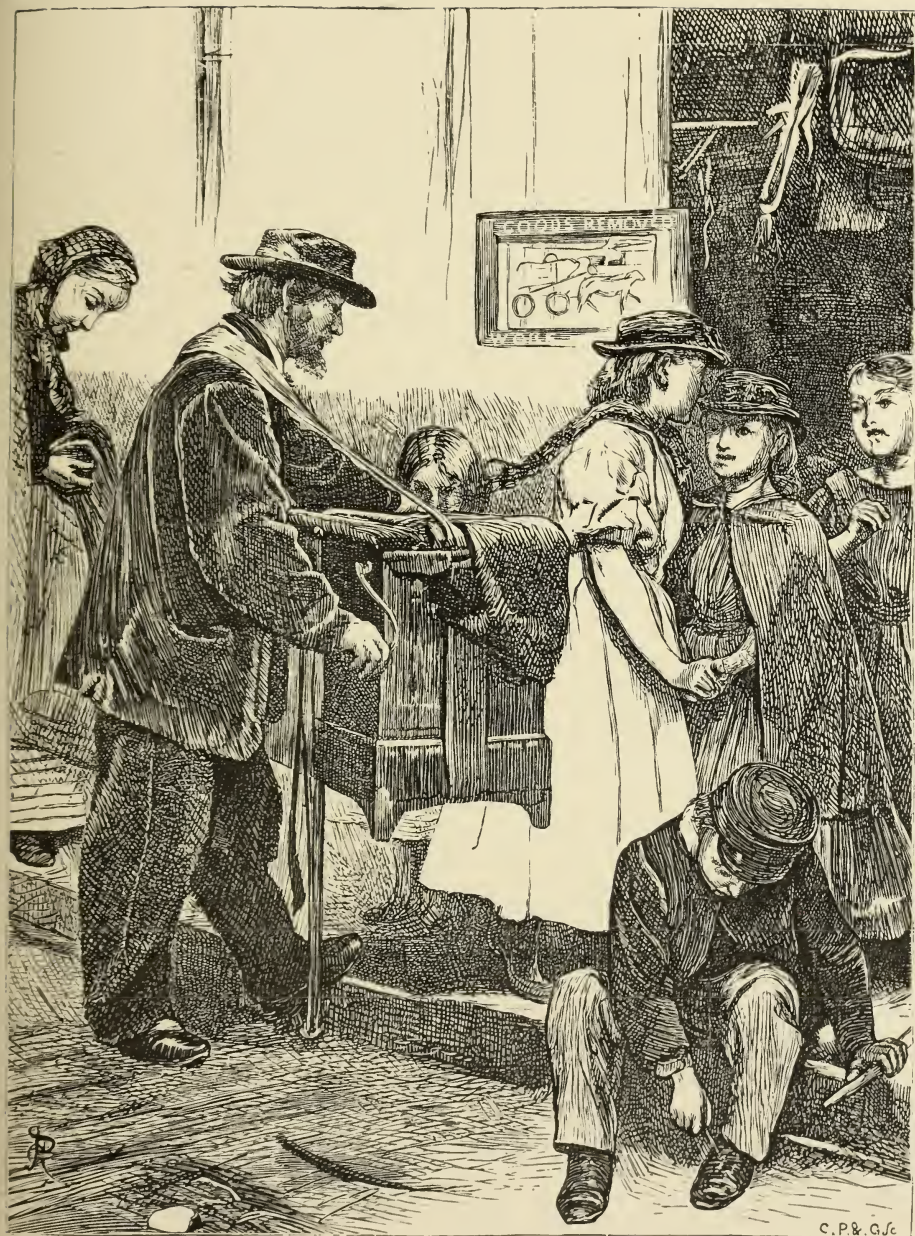
And so how old is Julie ? Five !
Why, deary bless my heart alive !
So like a woman as thou beest,
I should ha' thought thee eight at least !

How many sisters have you got ?
Three, and two brothers ! What a lot !
(Ay, me ! how time goes skelter on !
And we must soon be going, John.)

There, one more kiss, and run away ;
Grandad will take thee out to-day,
To see the horses draw the ploughs ;
And sheep, and lambs, and mooley-cows.

Oh, John, what matter when we go
Ourselves from this old world of woe ?
Ne'er let us of Time's flight complain,
Since in our bairns we live again.

BONAVIA.



"'Tis hard to look into a thousand homes,
And waken joy where I have no part."

THE ORGAN MAN.

THE ORGAN MAN.

⓪ JESU! the hunger is hard to bear,
The cold is creeping into my heart :
'Tis hard to look into a thousand homes,
And waken joy where I have no part.
The little ones dance at their mother's knee ;
The mothers say there is nothing for me.

I remember that strangers used to come
And stand at our cottage door and plead.
We were very poor ; there was nought to give ;
But mother soothed where she could not feed :
For the lonely heart hath a load enough,
Without the frown and the answer rough.

I've wandered and wandered the weary day,
And only gathered up bitter scorn ;
Yet the good God did not forget me quite ;
He sent me sunshine at early morn :
That dear little lady, with penny bright,
With her sweet, shy whisper, " Nurse said I might ! "

That was all my sunshine. Now night draws on :
This gnawing hunger is hard to bear ;
And the cold is creeping into my heart ;
I must away from the gaslit glare :
It little matters which way I roam,
For none of the turnings can lead me home.

The very trees seem to make a moan ;
The houses are great. and cold, and grey,
And only lit in the far-off rooms,
Where folks thank God for a happy day.
Shall I ever thank him for such again ?
I thank him ; He helps me to bear my pain.

I. F.



"And a beaming look from a youthful heart
Is the sunlight of the old."

THE AGED.

THE AGED.

Oh, pass ye by the aged
With gentle step and slow ;
They have the burden of years to bear,
And the tide of their life is low.
Speak kindly as ye greet them,
For their world is dim and cold ;
And a beaming look from a youthful heart
Is the sunlight of the old.

The past, unto the aged
Is as a caverned mine,
Where gems of thought, 'mid the dust of years,
In their own rich darkness shine.
And gaze ye on their furrowed brow,
Where beauty lingers yet—
A ray to tell of the bright day gone,
Though the joy of that life hath set.

And commune with the aged ;
Ask them of days gone by :
Ye know not what a store they have
Of hoarded memory—
Of hopes that, like the rainbow, shone
Only to fade in tears ;
And love and sorrow, change and death,
Bind their long scroll of years.

And pray ye for the aged ;
With tottering steps they stand
Upon the very borders
Of Canaan's blessed land :
Ask for them strength in weakness,
And faith's supporting rod ;
And through death's cold, dark waters
The strong right hand of God.

D. L.



"Tell him not when I am dead
That his love was death to me."

UNREQUITED.

UNREQUITED.



TELL him not when I am dead
That his love was death to me,
That my passion, all unsaid,
Rent and wrung my spirit free.
Tell him not, but lead him where
This deserted clay shall be.

Tell him not how I have worn
This remembrance at my heart ;
Silent till the thing had torn
Life itself ere it would part.
Tell him not the pain that spread
From the poison of the dart.

Tell him only at the last,
If his eyelids seem to brim,
That until my breath was past
It was but a prayer for him.
That the day on him may brighten,
As the night on me is dim.

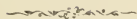
J. S. W.



"I stood and I watched her fleeting—
Watched her, my beautiful ship, sail over the summer sea."

AN OLD STORY.

AN OLD STORY.



NEVER a fairer ship set sail on the gleaming ocean,
Never a goodlier crew sailed under the morning star,
Ho! for the brave, brave wind, and the stir, and the ceaseless motion!
Ho! for the proud swell rising, to carry her over the bar!

It was the first of June: I stood near the water's breaking,
And saw the wavelets laughing, and rippling up to my feet;
Never a cloud in the sky, but only the old sun-streaking;
Below, the sea; and above, the cliff, and the heather sweet.

It was the first of June: I stood and I watched her fleeting —
Watched her, my beautiful ship, sail over the summer sea;
Heard the shouts of the sailors, my heart all throbbing and beating;
And thus, in the sunlight of morning, she faded away from me.

* * * * *

Only an old, old story—you've heard it times out of number!
A cruel rock in the darkness, a rent in the vessel's side;
All hands lost—not a soul saved—the strong men rocked into slumber,
Where the waters lie dark and deep, by the ebb and flow of the tide.

Only a nine days' wonder! You might hear them say in the City,
"Have you heard of the dreadful wreck?" as you passed the folks in the street.
"Was she fully insured? You say not? More's the pity.
Pray, what was her tonnage—her deck was how many feet?"

Only an old, old story, now seldom, if ever, related:
I only remember the time when she sailed on a morning in May.
Oh, my beautiful ship! since then, in the darkness belated,
How my eyes have grown weary with watching for you in the bay!

Only an old, old story, yet none the less bitter or crushing.
Oh, for a sight of her sail on the utmost line of the sea!
In the night-time I wake and I weep, for I hear the waves rushing,
And I know that my beautiful ship can never come back to me!

E. L. M.



"Wife! as a hostage let us keep
These rippled strands of hair."

THE HOSTAGE.

THE HOSTAGE.

HERO, in her little house of blue,
Dotted with nails of white,
Set there, like silver stars, to charm
Away the grave's dark night—

Our darling lies, her tiny hands
Folded across her breast,
As in mute testimony to
The sweetness of her rest.

Beautiful is the dawning calm
Upon the little brow ;
Thank God ! no gathering mists of sin
Can ever cloud it now.

And see, her locks are tinged with gold—
Perhaps her young life's sun
Touched them in setting, 'as a sign
Its journey was not done.

That 'twas but sunk behind the hills
Our vision may not climb,
To shine, with an unclouded light,
In Heaven's holier clime.

Wife ! as a hostage let us keep
These rippled strands of hair,
That we may claim our pet one back,
In the day that we meet her there.

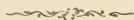
A. W. B.



"And I mind my mother kissed me,
As she smoothed a straying curl."

MARY'S WEDDING-DAY.

MARY'S WEDDING-DAY.



IT's a bonnie morning, Mary,
And I like a wedding bright,
For the joy of it comes o'er us
In each coming summer's light.
I don't believe that happiness depends on sun or rain,
But I'd wish a pleasant marriage-day, if I were young again.

Ah! girl, it's fifty years and more
Since the day that I was bride ;
And the best man earth ever knew
Was the man who walked beside.
Why he chose me I cannot tell,—I was but a childish thing :
He was like a ripened summer, and I like a fickle spring.

And I mind my mother kissed me,
As she smoothed a straying curl,
And she said, " I've but one counsel
To give to my darling girl :
Just once a week, my daughter—let it be on the Sabbath morn—
Read that chapter of those duties which a woman most adorn."

And so I did, dear Mary,
And I prayed an earnest prayer,
That God would take my simple heart,
And put such virtue there.
I know your grandfather, my child, must many faults have seen ;
But, thank God ! ere he died, he said, " What a blessing you have been ! "

I charged your mother so, Mary ;
And if God had let her live
To see her daughter's wedding-day,
Such counsel would she give.
And, Mary, when in God's dear house you're praying on your knees,
Although you seem an orphan bride, don't doubt your mother sees.

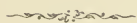
I hear the lasses in the lane,
And that's the bridegroom's voice !
God's blessing be about him, girl,
God's blessing on your choice !
And Heaven grant, when many years of married life you've seen,
You hear your husband fondly say, " What a blessing you have been ! "



"Lost solace of my boyish tears."

MY SISTER.

MY SISTER.



Oh, light and love of many years,
Oh, kindly heart, oh, tender face,
Lost solace of my boyish tears,
Lost queen of every gentler grace ;

If ever in my sullen moods,
Through sickened days, through nights of pain,
Through fevered dreams, like winter woods,
Beset with thunder, and with rain ;—

If ever in my childish fear,
In petty hate, in puny guile,
I drew from those fond eyes a tear,
And clouded o'er that sunny smile,—

Oh, from the rapture of thy place,
One moment glance forgiveness down,
Let that still unforgotten face
Make glad my care, my labour crown.

J. S. W.



" I even fancy birdie sings,
Then rousing with a start,
Remember that the joy and song
But echo in my heart."

THE EMPTY CAGE.

THE EMPTY CAGE.

THE sunshine plays at hide-and-seek
Upon the willow bough,
And glimmers in the wicker cage,
But it is empty now :

Because my little bird is dead,
Which came across the sea
With one who sleeps in India now ;—
And it was dear to me !

It sang to me those happy days
Of girlish love and pride :
It sang the day the letter came
Which told me how he died.

And as I sit and do my work,
When all the rest are out—
The only sounds the ticking clock,
The far-off reapers' shout :

That great, great sorrow seems a dream,
The sweet old joy, the truth :
I sometimes sit, and hope again,
The vanished hopes of youth.

I even fancy birdie sings,
Then rousing with a start,
Remember that the joy and song
But echo in my heart.

'Tis but an empty wicker cage,
A shallow grave afar,—
The sun sleeps on the same old fields,
Yet all things altered are.

L. FRYIE.

THE CAPTAIN.



My wife and child they pray for me
When the seas are white with foam;
On the dreadful deep their forms I see,
Who are bowed for me at home.
When the storm is loud, and above, the cloud
Glow's like a fiery dome.

I sometimes think that I can hear
Their voices in the blast,
And turn to see that vision, dear
To me o'er all the past.
'Tis but the sail torn in the gale,
And the storm-bird, white and ghast.

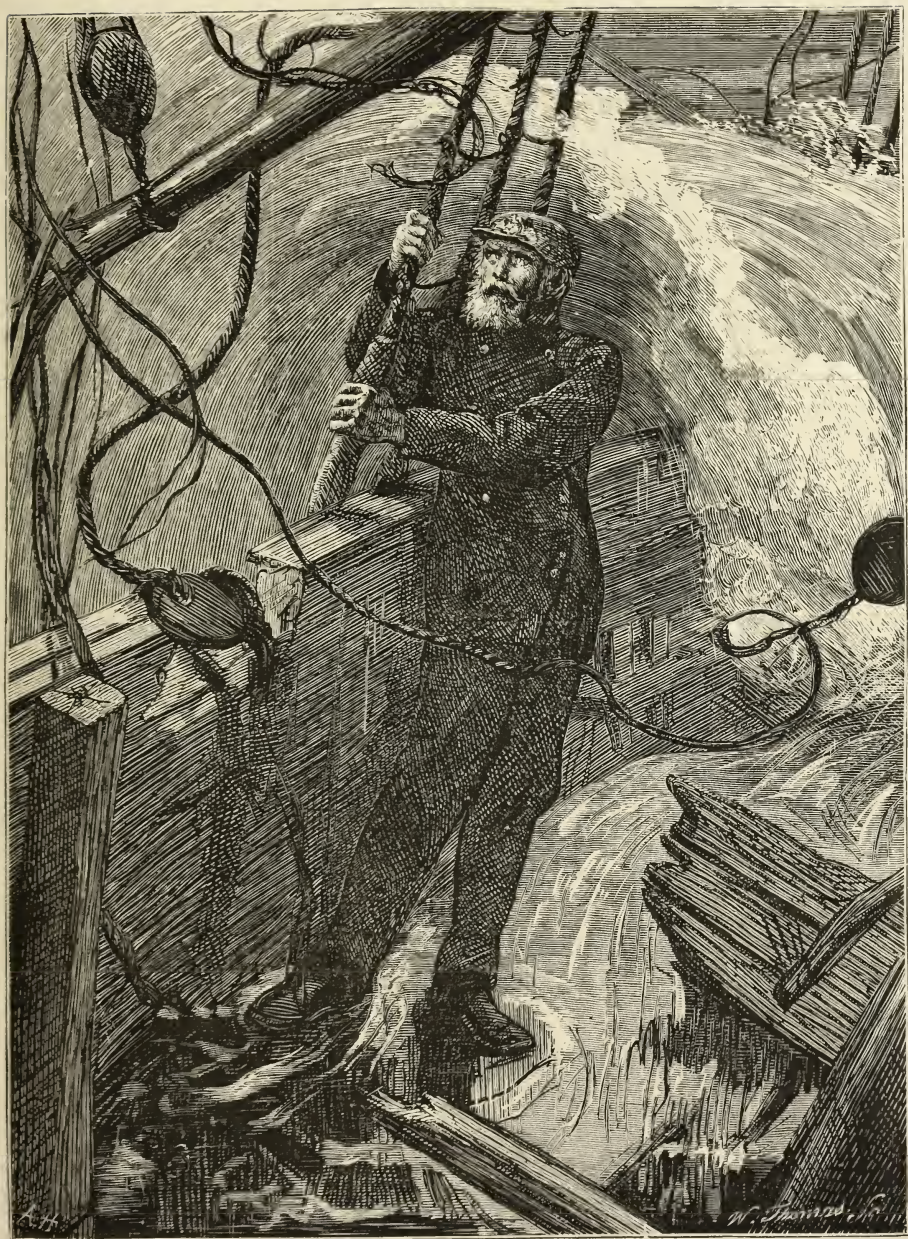
Hark ! how the thunder treads the air !
Methinks our doom is said;
Yet life with those was wondrous fair;
And cold are the ocean dead.
What cheer, my men ? shall we look again
On the Downs, or Beechy Head ?

My gallant hearts are true as steel,
My ship is stout and strong;
And not a thing, from top to keel,
Would play me false or wrong:
But the cruel wave is shroud and grave
To many a goodly throng.

Must it be so ? Why, then, farewell;
Oh, for one parting kiss
On those young lips that faintly spell
A prayer for such as this !
Methinks 'twould lift from the briny drift
To the highest soul in bliss.

Farewell, good crew and gallant ship;
Yon wave shall wash us down.
Death, thou art cold to throat and lip,
And blood is on thy crown.
True eyes ! dear eyes ! you star the skies !
What care I though I drown ?

W



"Farewell, good crew and gallant ship;
Yon wave shall wash us down."

THE CAPTAIN.



"And you're going to leave them all, Nelly,
And maybe come back no more."

GOING AWAY.

GOING AWAY.



So you're going to leave us all, Nelly,
Going away in the morn,
Away from the home you have loved, Nelly,
The village where you were born ;
Away from the fields and the flow'rs, Nelly ;
The friends who have loved you here,
Your white-haired father and all, Nelly,
All, all that the heart holds dear.

New faces and friends you will see, Nelly,
To think of by night and day ;
And you soon will forget the old, Nelly—
Forget when you're far away.
Another your beauty will praise, Nelly,
Your dimples and eyes of brown,
And happy, I hope, you will be, Nelly,
Afar in the dusky town.

Look! there is the school on the hill, Nelly,
We went to as girl and boy,
And the woods in the evening gold, Nelly,
That rang with our shouts of joy ;
And here is the lane where we sat, Nelly,
How often when school was o'er ;
And you're going to leave them all, Nelly,
And maybe come back no more.

I'll be down in the morning soon, Nelly,
To bid you the last good-bye,
Though I know when I see your face, Nelly,
The tear will be in my eye ;
But I'll give you my hand for all, Nelly,
I'll give you my blessing, too,
And pray, though another's you'll be, Nelly,
That Heaven may smile on you.

MATTHIAS BARR.



"In the same little shallop let both of us glide."

ON THE RIVER.

ON THE RIVER.



OVER the water, over the water,
Floating adown by the light of the moon;
Fair Minnie Collins, the old miller's daughter,
Sitting beyond me, this evening in June.

Down went the sun in a heaven of splendour.
Leaving the twilight still warm from his blaze;
Up came the rounded moon, tranquil and tender,
Sheeting in silver the flood with her rays.

White water-lilies are languidly floating,
Opening their bells amid broad leaves of green,
Bending their heads to the swell of our boating,
As gardens aquatic we wander between.

I with the paddles, and she at the tiller,
A vision I see, as we dreamily glide,
Of the long-vanished past, and the child of the miller
Roams through the greenwood a child by my side.

Long vanished past! yet unchanged is the wild wood,
The river flows by the same meadows and mill—
But, ah! Minnie dear, we have both passed our childhood.
The man and the maiden are drifting on still.

“But there's no beating back up the stream of existence,
Onward and downward we speed evermore;
Long or short be the voyage, in vain our resistance,
We must sink in the ocean, or strand on the shore.”

“If so it must be,” was the maiden's replying—
The laugh on her lip mocked the tear in her eye—
“Let us never look back on the shores that we're flying,
But watch every change of the water and sky.”

“Then so let it be, my sweet moralist, ever;
In the same little shallop let both of us glide,
My arm at the oar as we go down the river,
Your hand at the tiller to steer through the tide.”

Over the water, over the water,
Floating adown by the light of the moon,
Wooded I and won I the old miller's daughter,
Fair Minnie Collins, that evening in June.

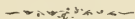
J. F. WALLER.



"A little time for weeping bitter tears
That stain the cheeks with sorrow and depart."

RECOLLECTIONS.

RECOLLECTIONS.



A LITTLE time for weeping bitter tears,

That stain the cheeks with sorrow and depart,
Ploughing deep furrows with remember'd years,

Then break my heart !

A little time for thinking of the eyes,

Blue lakes of love with tear-mists overcast—
Eyes that have fill'd my heart with passion sighs—

Why mourn the past ?

A little time for dreaming of the lips,

Love-whisp'ring lips that treasur'd kisses sweet,
Kisses ! Ah ! me, away the rich past slips !

There's no retreat.

A little time for playing with the hair,

Thinking in fancy it were yesterday ;
My face, deep-steep'd in tresses golden fair,

Then come what may.

A little time for mourning wasted love,

A little time for dwelling on the past,
A little time for breathing thoughts above,

Then peace at last !

C. W. S.



"STRAIGHT ON!"

"STRAIGHT ON!"



I.

FOLLOW thy course straight on, O Boy, new astart on the Highway,
Yonder and far thy way; see it lost in the morn-lit horizon!
Hopeful and earnest thou; and thine eye, all eager but tear-dimmed,
Catching an early ray from the mounting sun in the east heav'n,
Flashes a thousand lights over all the ambiguous landscape;
Shooting up myriad shafts of glory from hillock and mountain;
Bridging the dark ravines, and hiding the shadowy pitfalls.—
Soon as thy tears be sundried, the scene will gloom down into bleakness.

II.

Only this morning at dawn did thy heart-broken mother caress thee,
Blessing with voiceless tongue, but with eloquent lips and embracings;
She on the pallet of death, and thy father far out in mid-ocean.
Only thy sister Hope remaineth to watch by the sick-bed—
Hope, with the mild blue eyes, and cheeks of the daintiest rose-tint;
Hope, of the golden tresses and coral lips, gleaming with pearl teeth;
Hope, of the calm-white brow, and the tender compassionate nature;
Hope, with her cheering words, and her love ever pure and all faithful.

III.

Follow thy course straight on, nor shun thou the steep and the rugged:
Seek not the facile descent, nor the Will-o'-the-wisp of the fen-swamp;
Dally not near the smooth waters that babble on into the whirlpool;
Climb not too high on the side-peaks, lest all of thy gain be thy downfall;
Follow thy course right on; and, when nigh to the end of the journey,
Thou to the vague shore comest, with feet all weary and painful,
Shallop of light be thine, and boatmen immortal to guide thee
Into the fair blue harbour, and so to the Paradise country.

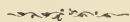
BONAVIA.



"She is far off now,
But she speaks, dear bells, in you."

CHURCH BELLS

CHURCH BELLS.



MUSICIANS divine !

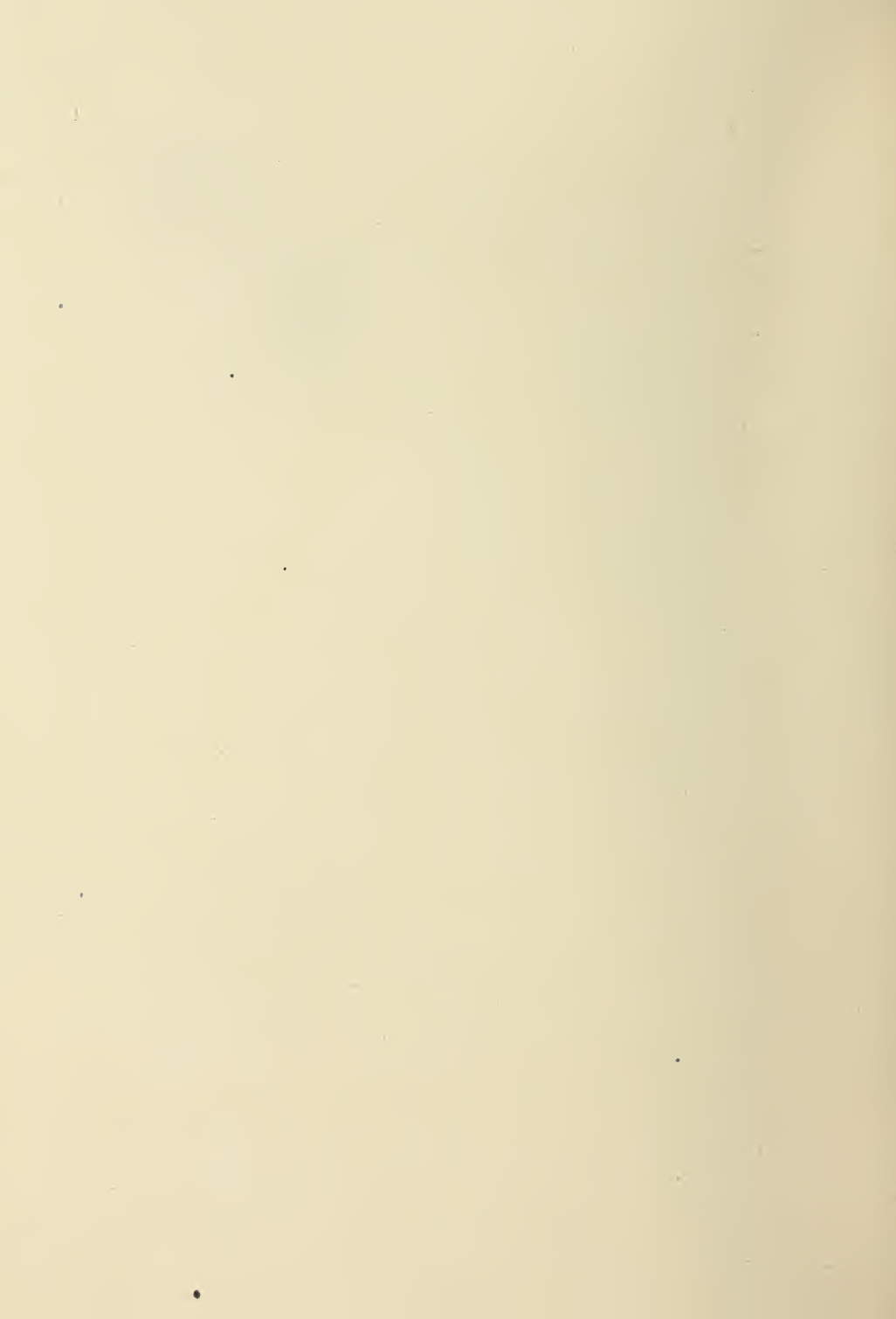
Again my spirit hears
The music of lang syne ;
Through the long aisle of years.

From my childhood's time
Fond recollections throng
Of a voice that mingled with your chime
Low strains of Sabbath song.

It was my mother's
Sweet voice ! It loved to share
In the orisons of others,
On the holy day of prayer.

She is far off now,
But she speaks, dear bells, in you ;
And, methinks, while soft airs fan my brow,
That her hand is upon it, too.

A. W. BUTLER.

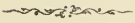




"By the grey old buttress
Lonely now I dream."

SHADOWS ON THE STREAM.

SHADOWS ON THE STREAM.



SUMMER evening shadows
Thickly drawing round ;
Summer's beauteous blossoms
Strewing all the ground.

Leaning o'er the buttress,
Ruin'd, grey, and old
Looking into waters,
Silent, still, and cold.

When our bright reflections
Dance its surface o'er—
When like ceaseless music
The distant torrents roar ;—

And the rocks before us
Kiss the water's brim,
Flinging a reflection
Between *myself and him* :

As we stood together,
Whispering soft and low,
Flinging harebell blossoms
On the waves below :

Laurel leaves were gleaming
Round his shaded hair,
While the rocks were frowning
O'er mine, cold and bare !

Seemed they not prophetic
Shadows on the stream ?
As when visions haunt us
From a troubled dream.

By the grey old buttress
Lonely now I dream ;
Softly, sadly watching
Shadows on the stream !



"One half he wrapped about the wretch,
The other donned again."

ST. MARTIN.

ST. MARTIN. A LEGEND.



A BEGGAR bent a gate beside,
As armèd hosts strode in,—
His hands outstretched, if prayer from pride
One rag of help might win.

Yet one of those who had beheld
The shiverer 'mid the snow,
Wished that his empty purse but held
Some alms he might bestow.

He felt the very clothes he wore
Their wonted comfort lack ;
Till, urged by sudden sting, he tore
The cloak from off his back.

He drew his sword, a stroke did fetch,
The garment slit in twain ;
One half he wrapped about the wretch,
The other donned again.

In, 'mid the jeering of the host,
He marched, with rended cloak ;
Then, half ashamed, his limbs he tossed
Upon a couch—nor spoke.

Sleep fell upon him there—he dreamed—
His Lord approached the bed :
But what seemed wrapped about him ? *Seemed ?*
Nay, *was !* the beggar's shred !

Round to the angels turned the Lord,
And unto them did say—
“ ME with this garment, slit with sword,
Yon slumb'rer clad to-day.”

Next morning Martin had resigned
His arms for saintly vest :—
And now, within Marmoutier shrined,
St. Martin's relics rest.

DIGBY P. STARKEY.



"She wing'd her way from the careless town,
She flew to these arms and found her nest."

WOUNDED.

W O U N D E D .



TOGETHER the half of my heart and I,
Had clung so fast that we would not part ;
But an arrow came hurtling from the sky,
And stabb'd my sweet to the heart.

Cowardly arrow, and she so weak !

Do sportsmen under the hedge-rows creep ?
The wound was deep, for she dar'd not speak,
But left me alone to weep.

She wing'd her way from the careless town,
She flew to these arms and found her nest ;
I kiss'd the spot where the blood ran down,
From the deep wound under her breast.

“ Father ! in mercy forgive,” she said,
“ Tend with sorrow your wounded dove ;
Here let me lovingly rest my head,
I am sick unto death with love ! ”

Why should I weep now the tale is told,
Sweet forgetfulness dims the past ;
Together we cling, as in days of old,
For her wound is heal'd at last !

C. W. S.



“ With file, and blow, and rasp, and wrench,
The thieves forced lock and grate.”

SOWING AND REAPING.

SOWING AND REAPING.

THE fitful moon pursued by clouds
Seemed hiding from the blast,
And shadows dark as destiny
Upon the abbey cast.

The darkest shadows that were shed,
Fell on the wall and roof:
From daylight, theft and sacrilege
Keep ever far aloof.

The cellarer and sacristan
Knew well the treasure vault —
That fortress clamped with grate and bar,
Safe from the thieves' assault.

With file, and blow, and rasp, and wrench,
The thieves forced lock and grate,
Where mitres, bowls, and jewelled cups
And caskets, lay in state.

The king had left his crown and gems,
His robes and royal zone,
His gold and all his treasure chests,
His sceptre and his throne.

The rubies sparkling with fire,
The sapphire's azure gleams,
The devil spread before their eyes
In the broad, pale moonbeams.

They filled with diamonds pouch and bags;
They sawed the sceptres through;
They beat the jewels from the crowns;
They rent the orb in two;

They slunk down cloisters cloudy dim
To where the moon shone clear,
Dogged by the shadows gibbering,
And many an ambushed fear.

They hid the gold beneath the mould
Within the garden croft;
And as they laid it ten foot deep
The screech-owl clamoured oft.

They hid it in a weedy nook—
In furrows nettle-fraught;
With subtlety they strove to hide
The wickedness they'd wrought.

They sowed the hemp seed thick and close,
To hide the crafty theft;
And then, with faces pale and scared,
The secret spot they left.

Rain came with benediction sweet
Upon the flower and weed,
Soft sunshine fell with influence
From heaven to bless the seed.

Spring came—the hemp rose green and
Leafy and blooming fair; [high,
Only the mole that burrows dark,
Knew of the treasure there.

They often passed with velvet feet,
Those dark and stealthy men,
With sidelong look and pallid face,
Shuddering at human ken.

But angels' eyes can pierce the dark,
And, ere the autumn came,
Under the gibbet stood the thieves,
Branded with sin and shame.

The rope that dangled from the beam
Was spun from seed they'd sown;
The stem at last had sprung and flowered:
The hemp was fully grown.

WALTER THORNBURY.



"Dead, beneath the Holy Light."

THE HOLY LIGHT.

THE HOLY LIGHT.

I.

HILDEBRAND the hermit sits
Gazing out beyond the bay,
Round and round the curlew flits,
Dash'd with flecks of snowy spray.
Suddenly an angry roar
Comes across the dark'ning foam ;
Women gather on the shore,
Watching vessels far from home ;
Sullen murmurs fill the air,
Preludes of an awful night,
And the hermit breathes a prayer,
As he trims the Holy Light.

II.

Weary toilers on the deep,
In whose heart their bread is cast,
Men for whom the women weep,
Will be welcomed home at last ;
Guided by that silver spark,
Hope will fill their honest breasts ;
Safe they'll steer their bonny barque
To the haven where she rests.
Noble vessels outward bound,
As they travel out of sight,
Cheers and blessings fling around,
Farewells to the Holy Light.

III.

Now the boats are safely home,
And the village is asleep ;
Who are these that darkly roam,
Laughing at the angry deep ?
Wreckers, waiting for the prey
Flung them by the faithless waves,

Haunt by night the lonely bay,
Hide by day in hollow caves ;
And these robbers of the dead
View the beacon burning bright,
Watch the breakers far ahead,
And they curse the Holy Light.

IV.

Hildebrand the hermit sees
Shadows tremble on the sand,
And he sinks him on his knees,
For he fears the wrecker's hand ;
Hildebrand unbars the door,
Wanders from his lonely cell,
All is silent on the shore,
And he fancies all is well.
Silently the village sleeps
Through the fury of the night,
Stealthily a woman creeps
Underneath the Holy Light.

V.

Fiercely howls the baffled storm,
Sulkily the waves retreat,
Washing up one lifeless form
To a lonely woman's feet.
Round the neck and features stiff
Greedily her fingers play ;
All is darkness on the cliff,
All is darkness round the bay.
Now the stars faint one by one,
Morning breaks—ah ! God, the sight,
When the woman finds her son
Dead, beneath the Holy Light.

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.



"One with whose praise the town had rung
Glides swiftly down the silent street."

THE BETRAYED CITY.

THE BETRAYED CITY.

I.

STILL Night hath spread her starry veil
O'er all the calm and cloudless sky,
And silver-crescent, sweetly pale,
Beams like an angel's drooping eye.
Within the town dwells sweet repose,
Without, lurk wolfish, secret foes.

II.

With cautious eye, and silent feet,
One with whose praise the town had rung
Glides swiftly down the silent street,
And now the gate apart hath flung !
Awake ! awake ! swell high the alarm !
Our foes are on us—townsmen, arm !

III.

Affrighted, sleep now flies her realm,
Upriseth now each citizen
In haste, with sword, and shield, and helm,
To guard his home from lawless men.
To arms ! to arms ! the bugles call ;
For liberty we'll stand or fall !

IV.

Red morning breaks upon the hills,
The city streets are strewn with dead ;
Alarm no more the faint air fills,
For now false friend and foe have fled.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! Thank God, we've won !
Our night of toil and fight is gone.



"Nature repays a student's love,
No matter what her mood."

BEAUTY IN WINTER.

BEAUTY IN WINTER.

THOUGH summer beauties are no more,
And autumn glories fled ;
Though rude winds beat and buffët now
Where erst soft breezes sped ;
Though Sylvia fair in mourning robes
Bemoans her recent dead ;

Yet may we find some pleasure still
In roaming field and wood,
Contrastive beauties meet the eye
By hill, and dale, and flood :
Nature repays a student's love,
No matter what her mood.

I take me, with a rustling step,
Adown the leaf-strown lane,
The way-side brook that died in June
Hath sprung to life again ;
And to some tinkling fairy lute
Runs cheerly on again.

Anon I briskly make my way
Upon the far-spread heath,
His sharp nor'-wester Winter brings,
Unseen from out its sheath,
And rudely smites my tingling cheek,
And backward drives my breath :

But soon, grown used to the assault,
My cheek begins to glow,
My breath returns, more vigorous
I feel each pulse's blow,
And with a surer, stronger step
Upon my way I go.

Each step I take my vision meets
Some object fresh and fair ;
For God in mercy unto man,
Chief object of his care,
Hath touched each season with some joy,
Set beauty everywhere.

J. G. WATTS.

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